

The Honey-Moon.

MY Fanny was as fair a maid
 As any in the town,
 And I as stout and lively lad
 As e'er mow'd clover down.
 When she agreed to tie the knot,
 I thought of nothing else;
 The knot was ty'd,
 Fan was my bride,
 Nor did I grudge the King his lot,
 When ding dong went the bells.

Our sugar kisses, honey words,
 We never thought too much;
 I dare be sworn no knights or lords
 E'er gave their ladies such.
 To plow went I, to spin went she,
 And all the parish tells
 How Ralph and Fan
 Their loves began,
 With joys that none can greater be,
 When ding dong went the bells.

Rare times were these—but, ah! how soon
 Do wedlock's comforts fall;
 The days that were the honey-moon
 Are wormwood now, and gall.
 Whate'er of furies they invent,
 Broke out from flaming cells,
 You now may see
 In Fan and me;
 We fight, we scold, and both repent
 That ding dong went the bells.